ONLY A WHILE.

PEARL RIVERS.

Only a little while to work,
And a long, long time to rest:
Then drive the cloud from the aching brow,
The sigh from the troubled breast.

Only a while to watch and pray,
And then a long, long time to praise;
Our God, the Father, knoweth best—
Then question not His ways.

Only a very little while,
As short as the going down
Of the setting sun, to meekly bear
The cross and the thorny crown.

Only a little while to sow,
And a long, long time to reap;
Let's sow in faith with an open hand,
And tares from the good seed keep.

Only a little while to lose,
And a long, long time to find
The jewels death has robbed us of—
The friends we will leave behind.

Only a while to trim our lamps,
Ere the bridegroom passeth by;
Then fill them well with the oil of life,
Let the flame rise pure and high.

Only a little while—what matters it
If our life be short or long?
If we only sing a few faint notes
Or the whole of the changing song?

Only a while our barks must drift
To'ard the misty Isle of Tears,
Where the pirate, Time, has buried deep
Lost hopes from the bygone years.

Only a while these barks are borne
On the swell of sorrow's waves,
By the stranded joys of other days,
By a shore of grassy graves.

Only a while they'll struggle on,
'Mid the darkness and the strife;
Then God will drop their anchor deep
In the quiet sea of—Life.

—New Orleans Picayune.

LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLLING STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LEGRAND.

CHAPTER V.

THE WRATH OF LOVE.

To be wroth with those we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
—Coleridge.

SHE sat in the old tiled kitchen, her hands crossed listlessly on her lap, her face pale, her eyes heavy. The table was prepared for the evening meal, and flowers decorated the snowy cloth and gave color and fragrance to the simple homely arrangements.

His eyes took in the whole quiet pretty scene—the clean blue and white tiled floor, the glitter of the brass pots and pans, the dusky walnut-wood presses, the old oak chairs and trestles, and above all, the quiet little figure leaning so listlessly back in her seat, with the spotless headgear and blue kirtle of the picturesque Norman dress.

He stayed an instant on the threshold. As his step paused and his shadow fell she started from her listless attitude. She went to meet him swiftly, her eyes shining welcome, her lips smiling, her face upraised for the kiss that never failed to greet her. But she met a look that drove the blood back to her heart with a deadly sickening fear. She cowered back, her arms fell to her side, her slight frame trembled, her bright girlish beauty changed into a shamed and shrinking semblance of the guilt he sought and the fear he dreaded. He looked at her in silence for a moment.

"Is this thing true?"

The words were few and stern, but they pierced to her heart with a terror she could not conceal. Her head drooped on her breast, she stretched out her hands to him in piteous appeal.

"Pierre, what have you heard? What do you mean?"

A sharp caustic laugh left his lips.

"You can ask that—your own words condemn you."

She looked at him with wide appealing eyes; her lips quivered like the lips of a grieved child.

"Indeed, indeed, you wrong me," she cried. "I have done nothing very faulty; I——"

The attemp at extenuation fired his whole soul with fury.

"Answer me," he cried, seizing her in his arms and gazing down at the pale, frightened, quivering face, with eyes whose passion and wrath struck fresh terror to her heart. "Answer me—you whom I loved, and deemed fairest, purest, truest among women—whom do you seek when you steal from my sight at dead of night, like a thing of guilt and shame? Who is it you love so well that you risk reputation, honor, peace, for his sake? Oh, Heaven, that I should have to ask it! Oh, love! Oh, wife! say it is false; look in my face as you looked but a few short hours ago, and I will curse myself that my lips have wronged you by even the utterance of a doubt."

The wild impetuous words poured out their prayer unchecked, unstayed; but with all the agony she suffered, with all the yearning for his trust—his faith—that thrilled her to her heart's core, she could not yield to his prayer or answer the entreaty.

"Who has told you this?"

The pale lips, the shrinking form, were not those of innocence. A tempest of fury shook him once more.

"Is this all you say?" he cried in his torture. "Are you then what that woman called you—beautiful, seductive, tempting—a traitress to honor and to womanhood?"

"I am none of these," she flashed out scornfully, stung by reproach so great, by calumny so vile.

"None! Then why not refute the charge? Why not answer what I ask? A word—but one word—is all I need. Have you stolen out at night and sailed down the river to meet some man—some lover, as I heard? Yes, or no? Nay, do not shrink; I will have the truth now if I track your paramour to his hidden lair and force it from him with my knife at his throat."

A change passed over her face and stole all its warmth and bloom till it looked like the grayness of death. He saw it and his voice rang out imploringly: "Oh, my love, I frighten you; forgive me, you know I love you. You know the upraised voice of all the world would never make me believe ill of you. Why do you torture me so? A word, one little word, is all I need; a word you can utter so easily."

"Heaven help me, I cannot."

The faint imploring cry broke from her white lips involuntarily. She hid her face in her hands and burst into a passion of wild agonized weeping. He who loved her so, who would have cast the very shadow of grief or suffering from her path could he have willed it, looked down on her now with the mute despair of a broken heart, with the tearless agony of a shaken faith.

"You cannot. Are you then guilty?"

"Of deceiving you—yes. Of aught else I am innocent."

His laugh er rang out fierce and wild on the stillness.

"Of deceiving me! Oh, no! That is no sin, no wrong! Your lover has taught you to reason well."

"I have no lover," she moaned. "It is a lie."

"Whom do you go to meet then, like a thing of infamy, as they have called you?"

She was silent, while the glow of the fire-flames flickered over her white changed face, and showed him the pathetic misery of her imploring eyes.

"You will not say. Well, then, I believe the worst. The woman who withholds a secret from her husband would count it a small thing to dishonor his name, his love, his rights. Your looks, your words, condemn you. You have had my love; you have smiled in my eyes; you have talked of a lifetime spent in the joy that has made this past week a very paradise; and now you have deceived and betrayed me!"

"If you think that," she cried, with the sudden anger and indignation of her outraged womanhood, "your love is little worth. If you can listen to the tongues of slander and believe such vileness as you have imputed, you are less worthy of my love than I of yours."

The fiery indignant words touched him with remorse.

"What secret is it then, you withhold from me?" he pleaded. "Oh, think, is not my love wide enough to forgive, my trust deep enough to shelter you from all consequences? Is it some youthful folly, some girlish imprudence that has woven this mystery and secrecy about you? Only tell me, Ninette; you do not know what I suffer!"

The agony of his voice, the passion in his eyes, touched her more deeply than any reproach. She threw herself at his feet, the great salt tears blinding her gaze as it sought his face, and sought in vain for the love and trust of old.

"I don't know," she moaned, "for I suffer, too."

"Then tell me; trust me."

"I cannot."

Once more these fatal words; once more that terrible despair which defied all entreaty, and admitted of but one interpretation. He laid his hand upon her shoulder with the grasp of a desperate man.

"To kill you were a crime; but heaven knows it were a crime justified by the madness and the shame that is my portion henceforward."

The fire of jealousy scorched his heart as with a hot iron. The ferocity of an undisciplined race, stern of creed and rigid of honor, stirred and woke beneath this bitter provocation. The light of certainty showed him but one belief, to that he clung, though its agony maddened him. Before that cry of inability, before that silence of shame, his doubt grew surer, his faith fell as a tree whose roots the ax has severed.

"Go to him you shield," he cried wildly; "go and laugh together over the poor fool that once loved you; once, ay, once, but long ago! The woman that I loved is dead!"

Then he release her, and without another look upon her face he went out from the house, ere his strength should fail him, ere his hands should be stained with the blood of the fair foul creature he had brought to his hearth and home in the fondness of a passionate joy, in the trust of a great love.

She lay where he had left her, in the glow of the wavering firelight. Tearless sobs shook her, a great dread numbed and froze the blood in her veins. The intense agony of those first few moments would have made unconsciousness a blessed relief, but it never came. Each sound, each sight—the ticking of the clock, the stir of a leaf, or the rustle of a branch against the open casement—all came to her with clear and painful distinctness. The coolness of the midsummer air deepened the gray hues of twilight, then at last she rose and dragged her weary frame to that accustomed seat by the fire, and shivered in the warm, golden glow as if the coldness of winter reigned around.

"He must let me tell," she moaned. "My oath cannot outlast such wrong and misery as this. But how to reach him now? Oh heavens, if I should be watched, tracked, discovered!"

She sat there motionless, her brain racked with the effort at invention of schemes and plans, each in its turn cast aside as futile. The serving girl came and cleared away the untasted meal, and spoke wonderingly to her, and asked if she needed aught, but she only shook her head and answered nothing.

To all external sounds and cares she remained blind and deaf. The reaction that follows upon intense excitement was with her, and she lay in the dull, heavy stupor of a misery so intense that it numbed her senses to all sentient life, and left her but the memory of suffering.

The delicious coolness of the air as it swept over her aching brow brought the first sense of relief she had yet felt. A cluster of rose foliage smote her as the wind stirred it; the quivering luminance of the moon and stars lit up the whole quiet grounds; the far-off murmur of the flowing water broke in monotonous music against the motionless wheels of the mill.

As her gaze swept over the vast stretch of silent country, she heard a step on the path, a shadow fell across the silver lake which the moonbeams had made on the dewy sward.

"Are you looking for your husband, Mistress Leroux?" said a harsh voice in her ear. "You will never see him more—he has enlisted as a soldier, and marched with the troops yonder, an hour ago!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Touching Incident.

The following, which appeared in a Detroit paper, is one of the most touching incidents to be met with. If true, it was a very remarkable case, and if merely imaginative, it is very suggestive:

There is a family in this city who are dependent upon a little child for the present sunshine of themselves. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. It was so sudden, so dreadful, when the grave family physician called them together in the parlor, and in his solemn, professional way intimated to them the truth—there was no help.

Then came the question among them who would tell her. Not the doctor! It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand. Not the aged mother who was to be left childish and alone. Not the young husband who was walking the floor with clenched hands and rebellious heart. Not—there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with, unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely:

"Is mamma doin' to die?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and upstairs as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma," he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, "is you 'fraid to die?"

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

"Who—told—you—Charlie?" she asked faintly.

"Doctor, an' papa, an' gamma—everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear, little mamma, doan' be 'fraid to die, 'll you?"

"No, Charlie," said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; "no mamma won't be afraid!"

"Jus' shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma, keep hold my hand—an' when you open 'em, mamma, it'll be all light there."

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand.

"H-u-s-h! My mamma doan' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!"

And so it proved. There was no heart-rendering farewell, no agony of parting; for when the young mother woke she had passed beyond, and as baby Charlie said:

"It was all light there."

Mother.

Lord Macaulay pays the following beautiful tribute to his mother:—

"Children, look in those eyes; listen to that dear voice; notice the feeling of just a single touch that is bestowed on you by that hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all God's gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the kind anxiety of that touch and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentle way shed upon you that none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in the struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep, never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her by my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother."

"For My Sake."

These three little words are the touchstone of love. The application of this touchstone begins with infancy and ends only with the end of life. If that baby in its mother's arms could speak intelligently it would say: "It is for my sake that a mother's eye watches unsleeping through the midnight hours, and her arms hold me until they are ready to drop off for weariness. "For my sake" many a successful man acknowledges gratefully that his parents toiled and economized in order to buy books and pay college bills. "For my sake" provides the sheltering roof and the arm-chair for dear old grandma at the fireside. Take these words out of our language and you would rob home of its sweetness and human life of its noblest aspirations.—Exchange.

The Right Rise.

A personal item says that Miss Mark Louise Eve is "a rising poetess of Augusta, Ga.," but it doesn't name the hour at which she rises. It is hoped that she rises early enough to help her mother wash the breakfast dishes and pare the potatoes for dinner. That's the kind of "rising" poetesses this country needs.—Norristown Herald.

European Armaments.

It hardly need be said that the size of the European armaments at the present time is far beyond what may be regarded as the popular conception of the actual conditions of affairs. The most recent figures show that the war strength of Germany, France, Russia, Italy, Austria, Turkey and the Balkan States is not less than 10,480,000 men. The second reserves amounting to 8,335,000, and the third reserves to 9,195,000 additional. This means a mass of men in numbers equal to the population of a first class state, all trained and equipped for battle, and ready at any moment to obey the call and take the field. In the next great war, which, in the estimation of many competent judges is extremely liable to become general, there is the possibility of some 28,000,000 of Europeans being engaged. Of these more than two-thirds are now engaged in civil pursuits. With the outbreak of war they would be hurried from the office, the field and the workshop, and commercial, manufacturing and agricultural interests would be virtually paralyzed. To illustrate more clearly what would happen let us take the German Empire. The population is estimated at 47,000,000. Of this number about 24,000,000 are females, and the calculation is that about 14,000,000 males, taking into account infancy, old age and physical unfitness, are of no use for war purposes. These deductions being made, the able bodied persons available for service in camp and barrack are reduced to about 9,000,000. More than one-fourth of these would have to don their uniforms and abandon their civil occupations the moment war was declared, and in the event of an entrance having been affected by the enemy on German territory more than one-half would have to join the colors. The same thing would happen in each of the other countries except Russia. It is no exaggeration to speak of Europe as an armed camp. These armies could also be most rapidly and easily mobilized. Germany, for instance, could, in the case of sudden breaking out of war, place, in seventy-two hours, not less than 230,000 men, fully equipped, on French soil; and at the end of seven days this number would be increased to 750,000. She could in three days put 120,000 men upon Russian soil, and in the same space of time she could plant 100,000 in Austria. What could Austria do? She could in three days carry 60,000 troops into Russia. Russia is not so well prepared for rapid movement; but it is calculated that she could bring to the Austrian frontier in three days 25,000 men, and by the end of seven days 110,000. France is already well prepared for rapid movement and she is about to increase her railroad facilities in the direction of the northeast. Already she could, it is thought, carry 200,000 men to the frontier in three days and 700,000 within a week. When the new arrangements shall have been completed, the calculation is that these figures will be increased to 260,000 and and 850,000 respectively. Of course calculations may fail and accidents may mar the success of the best laid plans. Under these conditions how long may Europe expect to be at peace?—Boston Traveler.

How to Use Leisure.

Any discussion upon this subject in our country, and especially in this city, ought to be prefaced by a paraphrase of the famous receipt for cooking a hare—first get your leisure.

Even the small class which might be supposed to have plenty of liesure—the rich people with no occupation—really have very little. Their social obligations or indulgences, their never-ending round of pleasure-seeking and restless activity in search of new sensations, leave them little liesure, as the word is generally understood—unoccupied or vacant time. To be at leisure is one of the few luxuries that most American, save loafers or tramps, seem unable to secure. The men are too busy, the women have too many cares. As a rule it is mere change of treadmills; when work or business ceases activity of some other sort begins. A genuine leisure class is evidently the product of a country considerably older than this.

That there are exceptions goes without saying. The people who realize as Montaigne did, that the ultimate philosophy is "to know how to live to purpose," will manage to find and to utilize a little leisure. How to spend it was the question recently discussed at the Twilight Club. And these were the various ways of the members: On horseback; in reading, playing billiards, literary composition, "riding a hobby," lounging at the club, haunting auction rooms, a run into the country and "absolute rest of body and mind." These narrations serve to prove that every man rests or recreates himself, as well as works, after his own fashion.

It is a wise man who knows how best to use his leisure, and a sensible one who can put it to this use.—New York World.

An Authority on Bonnets.

Miss Goodheart—"Well, I declare! You are right. The idea of a man knowing so much more about ladies' hats than a woman. I see, by reference to the Fashion Journal, that the style of hats you have just described is the very latest from Paris. And to think I didn't know!"

Mr. Nicefellow—"I ought to know. I paid $2 the other evening for the privilege of studying one at the theater."—New York Weekly.

A Disgusted Oklahomite.

Cowboy (who has got the drop on an Oklahoma boomer)—Mosy off this claim. I'll give you just half a minute to git.

"What'll you do if I don't?"

"I'll blow your d—— brains out."

"Blow away. I would never have been down in this God-forsaken wilderness if I'd had any."—Chicago Herald

No Cold Feet.

Doctor—"Are you troubled with cold feet?"

Fair Patient—"Not now. He's off on a business trip."—New York Weekly.

The Battle of Gettysburg.

The dedication of the monuments at Gettysburg has awakened an interest in that memorable battle. The day before the battle Gen. Meade's army mustered nearly ninety-nine thousand and Gen. Lee's 90,000. These included teamsters and what are generally termed non-combatants. The following table shows the strength of the union army in infantry by corps, cavalry and artillery, with the losses sustained by each:

	Engaged.	Losses
First corps	9,406	6,024
Second corps	12,363	4,354
Third corps	11,247	4,210
Fifth corps	13,954	2,187
Sixth corps	14,516	242
Eleventh corps	9,197	3,801
Twelfth corps	8,192	1,081
Cavalry	14,973	849
Artillery	6,6.2	242
	98,535	22,990

The confederates reported a loss of 20,448 men, but since the close of the war records have been found which shows 7,077 additional names of killed and wounded, which makes a total confederate loss of 27,525.

Robert Winter, a young artist of San Francisco, lost his eyesight by looking with his naked eye at the eclipse on New Year's day.

A French Scientist holds that the human race has greatly diminished in size since the creation of man, and gives the hight of Adam as 123 feet and Eve as 118.

J. T. Fletcher of Jenkins Bridge, Va., was in his grave and men were bricking it up, when they heard a groan. They opened the coffin and found Fletcher's heart beating. He was taken home, but died two days afterward without regaining consciousness.

What is now the great nation of Germany was once composed of nearly 300 independent states.

It is reported that the Epress Frederick has collected 24,000 obituary notices of her husband.

The names of 2,500 American women are on record in the patent office as inventors.

On the State University.

The success of co-education finds new demonstration in the fact that among the score of articles upon the Michigan university, written in competion by the students of that college for the Cosmopolitan magazine, the prize was taken by a young lady. This article appears as the leading paper in the June number of the Cosmopolitan, by Miss Edith S. Sheffield, of the senior class, and its excellent quality is a high compliment to the institution, as well as to the writer. Among the abundant illustrations for the article, the frontispiece, representing a senior reception at Ann Arbor, was drawn by Arthur Jule Goodman from special models, most of the figures being portraits of well-known people. In the ladies of the picture, the artist has given several types of western beauty, and his careful drawing of their toilets is taken from actual dresses, designed by such artists as Morin, Bloissier, and Rodrigues of Paris, and Wirtz of New York, giving an excellent idea of the wealth and good taste to be seen on such occasions.

In England the mortality from cancer has increased from 360 per 1,000,000 of population in 1861 to 606 per 1,000,000 of population in 1887. A like increase is noted in the United States.

W. N. U., D.—VII—26.